ADULTS ONLY

$10.00

MADE TO ORDER

ALL MODELS ARE OVER 18

7 SIZZLING CENTERFOLDS

TAKING IT ANY WAY THEY CAN GET IT!

ADAM (PLAYGUY) STUART • MARK (PLAYGIRL) MURRY

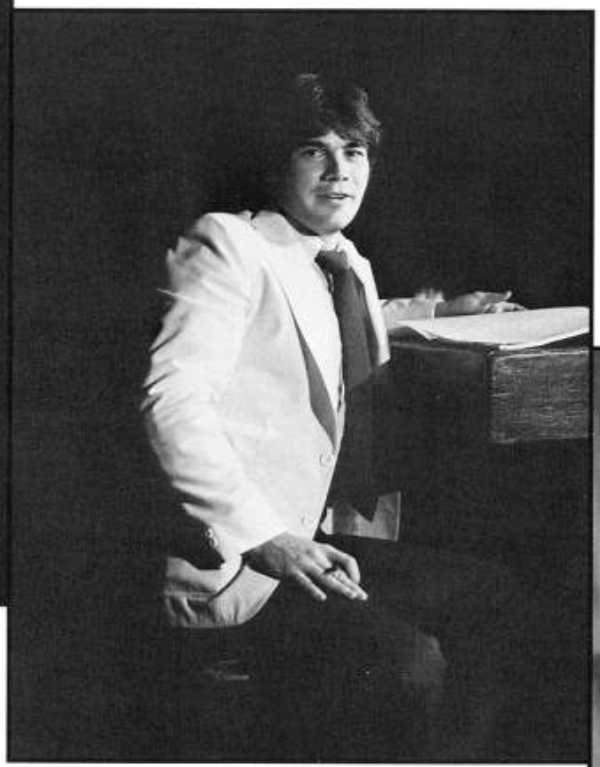
WITH

JOE • MARC • BILLY • QUINN

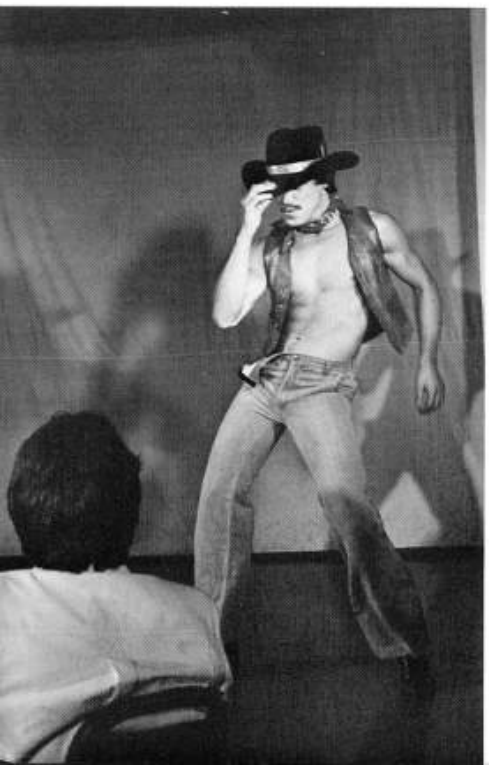
AND

PAT (IN TOUCH) FULTON

HUGE • HARD • HOT • HUNKS

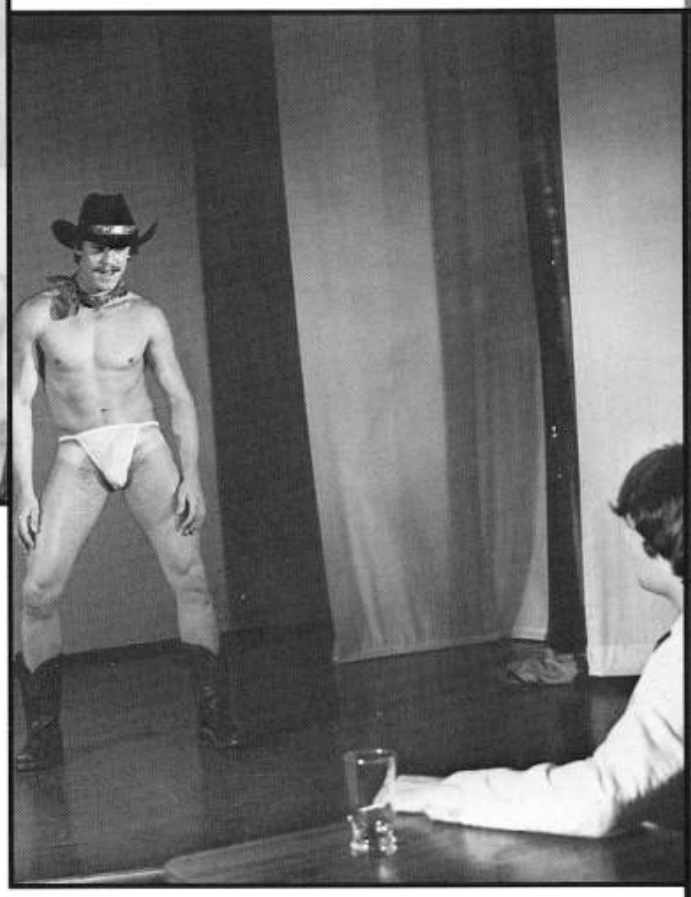


MARK MURRY and QUINN



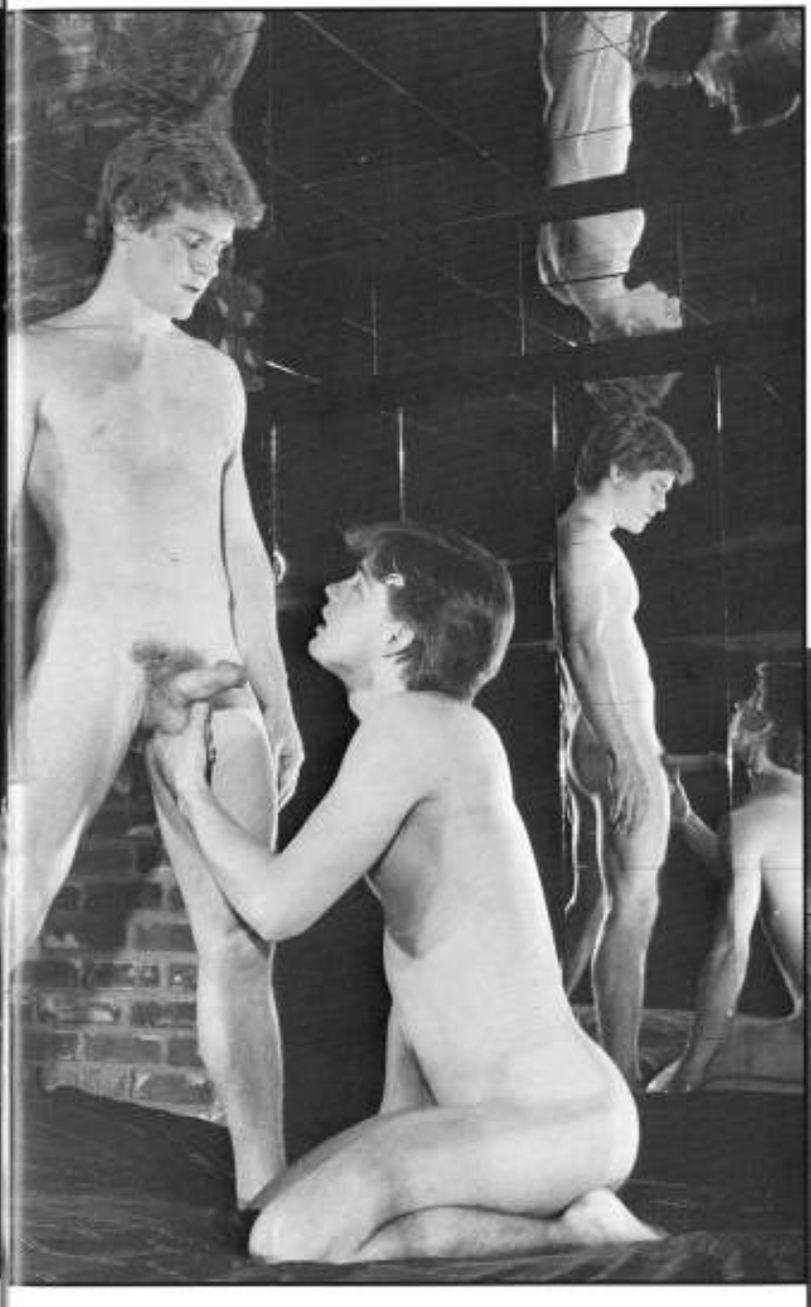
Quinn couldn't believe his eyes. The guy the agency sent over about the dancing job was this month's centerfold! Quinn could still remember every inch of that stud's hot, hunky bod! All the way from his strong masculine face, right down his taut-muscled body, right on to that huge cock, standing out stiff and hard! That photo never failed to give Quinn a roaring hard-on! Now the young stud was standing right there in front of him. Quinn could feel his own cock start to grow and stiffen!

Mark smiled at the young bar owner. He kept right on smiling while the guy checked him out. Mark didn't mind that at all. As a matter of fact Mark liked being checked out that way. Hot looks from young studs like this one turned him on. He could feel his cock start to swell up in his pants. Mark wanted this job and he wanted it badly. He knew he'd clean up in tips. It was the best male strip club in town. He was willing to do anything to make sure this hunky guy hired him. Mark's smile got bigger. His cock did the same thing. Mark decided to put on a show for this guy that he'd never forget!



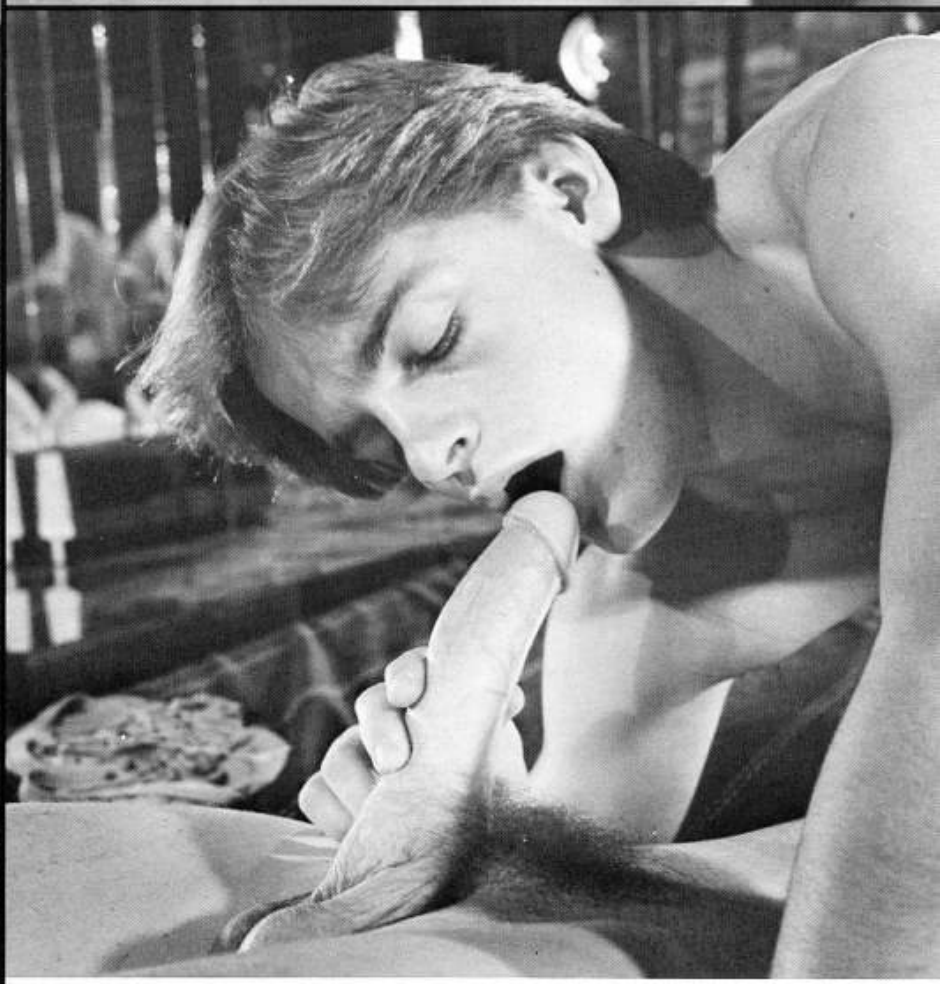
Quinn was still trembling as he took Mark back into his office. Quinn's huge cock was so hard that it hurt to walk with his pants rubbing against it. Quinn tried to hide it, hoping the dancer wouldn't notice. Quinn's hand shook as he took out the contract for Mark to sign. As Mark moved to the desk, Quinn couldn't suppress a slight moan while watching Mark's cock bounce back and forth in the thin briefs the dancer had pulled on after that hot, cum-drenched dance.

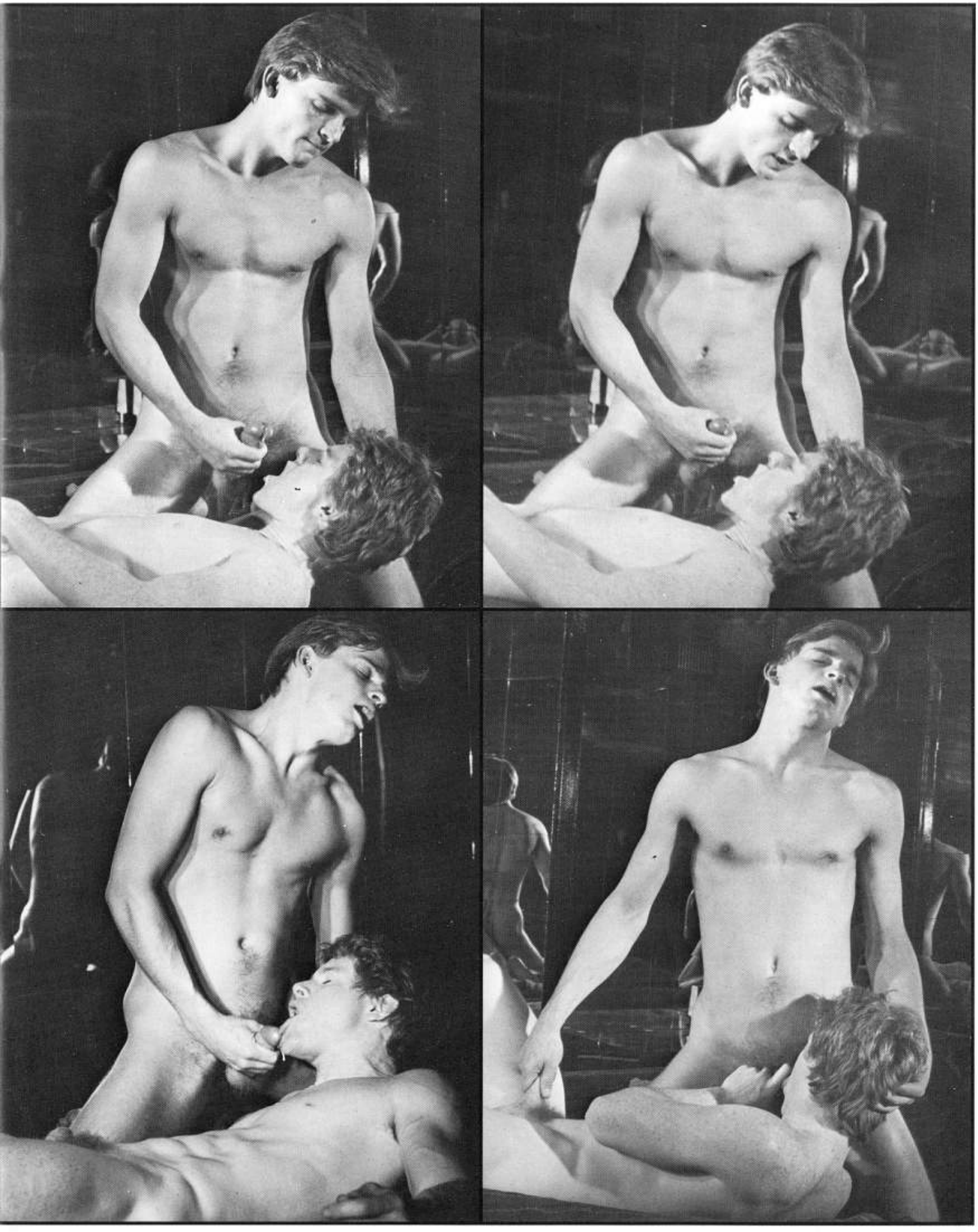
Mark really had this guy going and he knew it! He could see the guy's big stiff cock, outlined in his tight pants. He'd sure turned the club owner on all right but now the sight of that big dick straining to get out of those tight pants was turning Mark on too! Mark knew that Quinn hadn't been able to tear his eyes away during the dance number, especially when Mark's hard cock started spurting its load. Now, Mark found he couldn't tear his eyes away from Quinn's big hard cock either!



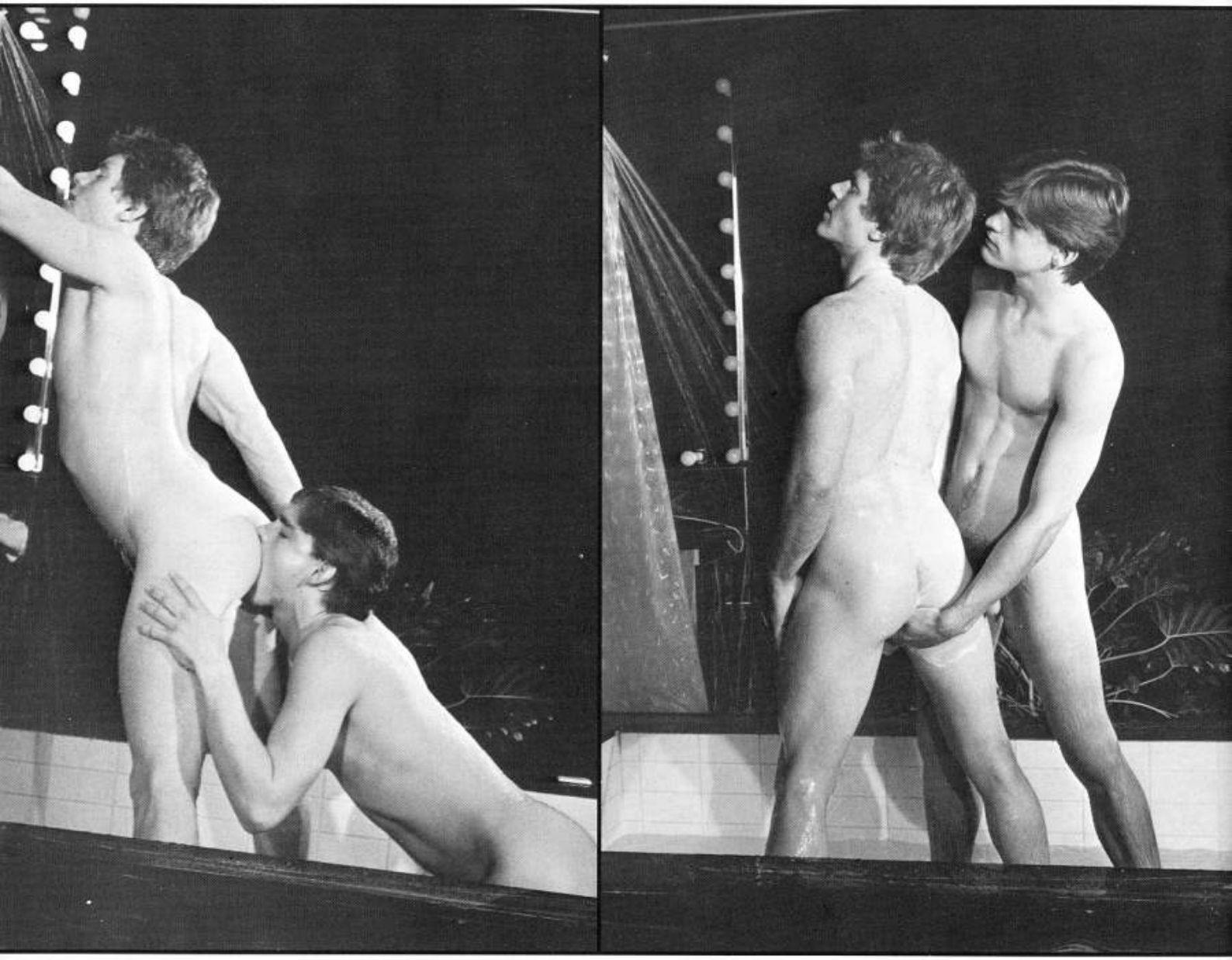
ADAM STUART and PAT FULTON

The posing session was finally over. The swimsuit was much too tight. It had kept rubbing against Adam's cock giving him a roaring hard-on. The way the other model had kept eyeing him didn't help either. He didn't seem able to take his eyes off Adam's hard cock! So, during the lunch break, Adam decided to see if the guy knew how to take care of that big hard thing!





PAT FULTON
and
ADAM STUART



Pat still couldn't believe it! Adam Stuart, the hottest model in the business had actually rammed his huge dick right up to the hilt in Pat's tight, willing ass! Now that Pat had taken every inch, he'd loved every second of that hard thrusting ass fuck the hot hunk had rammed into him! Pat usually liked it the other way around, with him doing the fucking! So, there was only one thing to do! Pat was going to give Adam a hot ass ramming just like the one Adam had given him! And, from the way Pat had the stud moaning in the shower, he was more than ready!

they stopped at my asshole.

I had no idea of why he would want to, but I knew he was going to stick them up my hole. And that's exactly what he did.

They hurt like hell, but I didn't make a sound or try to stop them; that beating was very effective.

I could tell he had two fingers up my asshole because he spread them apart and twisted them back and forth. And he was also pushing them in and out.

All of a sudden he pulled them out and yelled, "Hot damn! I got me my own private pussy!"

He stood up and took off his clothes, then sat down again and pulled me back to him.

He spit in his hand again and rubbed it all over his big cock which was standing straight up, hard.

He picked me up by my waist and sat me down on the head of his cock. It felt like I was sitting on a baseball. He started pushing me down and it hurt like hell. I bit my lip to keep from screaming. I was squeezing my ass muscles so I wouldn't slip any lower. He grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked my head back so hard I thought he'd break my neck. I kept myself from screaming but my ass muscles loosened and I dropped at least halfway down his cock. I thought I was ripped apart, but I still didn't make a sound. I probably could have shouted my lungs out then and he wouldn't have heard it. He was yelling and cussing and jumping up and down, plowing in and out of me a mile-a-minute, and just generally going crazy.

When he came, it got so slippery inside my ass that I fell all the way down to his lap, but there was no extra pain. I guess an inch is bad as a mile.

It never hurt again as bad as that first time, but it always hurt some, mainly because that sonofabitch never took it easy. He always just rammed it in like a post-digger. And sometimes he even forgot the spit. But since he usually plugged me right after we finished work, my ass was pretty slick with sweat.

When he was finished he always pushed me off him and acted like he couldn't stand the sight of me, but anytime I was in front of him and I'd turn around fast, I'd catch his eyes staring at my ass like they're trying to see right through my pants.

If I could've saved enough money to eventually get away from him, I'd've stayed, but since that bastard took all my wages, I knew I'd run away as soon as I looked old enough to convince a farmer

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he wasn't gonna get arrested for hiring me.

I won't say it was out of the frying pan into the fire, because at least I was able to keep all my own wages, but life wasn't any easier.

The first farmer I applied to must've guessed that I was younger than I said, and that I was a runaway.

He made a lot of jokes about me being a runt and puny. When I said I had solid muscles all over, he said, "Well, seeing's believing. Go ahead, boy, and show them to me."

I rolled up my sleeve and showed him my arm. He said that was just one muscle, he wanted to see them all. He told me to take off all my clothes.

I had an idea of what was coming, but I wasn't sure until after he felt my chest and called them "tittys," he started squeezing my ass.

He spit on a finger and shoved it up my hole, saying, "That's prime poon, boy! You're hired!"

He didn't undress. He just whipped out his dong and rammed it up my butt. By this time I could probably take a horse at full gallop, but that don't mean it still didn't hurt. It hurt plenty, but I'd be damned before I'd let anyone know. I was sure they got their kicks from hurting me, so I wasn't going to add to their enjoyment.

It only took a few minutes for him to blow his wad, but he told me I'd have to see him every night after supper. Then he named a salary that was half of the going wage and told me to take it or leave it.

I took it and stayed in the house after supper that night. He took another three minute fuck without taking any of his clothes off, although he had me strip down completely.

He didn't let me dress after it. He said I was just gonna go

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straight to bed, wasn't I? Then he led me out to the shack the hired hands slept in.

He told them to make the new boy feel right at home and tuck him into bed. The guys all laughed, then he left.

From the cracks about "pussy" and "poon," I guessed what was coming, but I didn't guess that it would be all five of them, twice each.

They were naked or in shorts and they must've been talking about something sexy because a couple of them had hard-ons when I came in. In just a few minutes, all of them were hard and the shorts disappeared.

They were calling me "sweetheart" and saying things like, "Lay down on your bed, sweetheart. We'll give the biggest one to you 'cause you're always gonna have a lot of company," and "Daddy's gonna watch over you all night, sweetheart."

They pushed me over to the one bed that was wider than the others and held me face down in the middle. Two of them laid half on each side of me and the third got a jar of hair pomade. He

rubbed it on his cock and shoved it all the way in, like a bolt of lightning.

The fourth one said he didn't want to wait, he'd shove it in the other door. He knelt on the bed by my head and pushed his hard-on into my face. I turned away and he said, "Aw shit, that's the sissy way, anyhow. I'll wait my turn, but just for that I'm gonna have me two pieces."

I reckon that's what gave them all the idea of second helpings. That two-a-night schedule kept up for a few weeks and then petered out to just one each.

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I don't even remember if it still hurt me, because my mind went numb about it. It was just another chore I had to do each day.

In the meantime, I never left the farm or spent a penny on anything. I saved every cent so I could get away to the city. That doesn't mean I never had anything at all. After a while, the guys started bringing me presents, candy, cakes and pies, and when my clothes started wearing thin, someone always bought me something to replace it.

I guess it was their way of telling me they liked me, but if only one of those bastards had ever said it in words or showed it in feelings, I'd have forgiven them all, but they always treated me like something they had to have, and then despised me for it.

So I accepted their presents, and wished for them to go to hell.

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That's the way it went until I left for the city. As soon as I got off the bus I met my first friend. He was the first person who ever smiled at me and said, "Hello."

I didn't know what to answer, so I just stood there grinning at him. He kept asking me questions, like where was I from, and I don't know if I answered them or not. I felt so good, my smile was tearing my face in half.

I remember him asking if I wanted to go home with him and I know I said yes. I practically shook my head off.

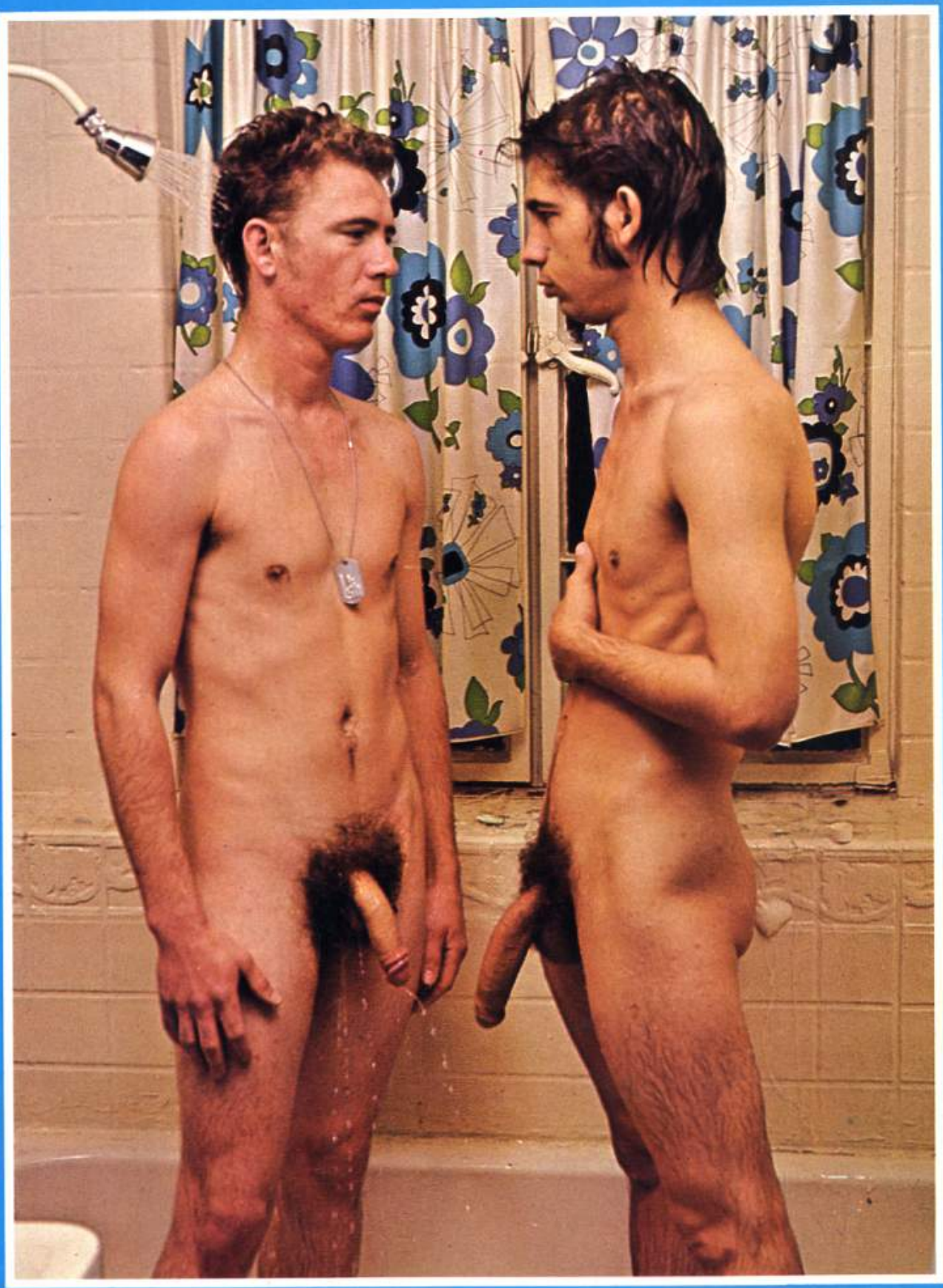
As soon as we got in his room, he kissed me. I hadn't been kissed since my folks died, and I'd never been kissed like *that* before. He didn't have to say he liked me. That kiss told it all.

He took my clothes off and then asked me to take off his. All this time he was kissing all over my body. When he asked me to do the same to him I was happy to. He was such a beautiful person, there wasn't a part of him I wouldn't kiss.

He even asked *me* to fuck *him!* I never thought it would be possible, but I *wanted* him to fuck me, and when he did, it was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

That day I found out what love is. I told him I wanted to live with him forever. He said we could give it a *try*.

I'm writing this on our tenth anniversary, and we still haven't even *had* to try. It just *is!*



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